

# FUTURE

VOLUME: 1

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ISSUE: 6



PUBLISHED BY THE SHANGHAI JEWISH YOUTH COMMUNITY CENTER





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AMERICAN CONSULATE GENERAL  
Shanghai, China  
July 4, 1947

Mr. Henry E. Topfer  
Editor of the "FUTURE"  
Shanghai Jewish Community Center,  
Shanghai, China.

Sir:

The desire of the Shanghai Jewish Community Center to associate itself with today's commemoration of American Independence Day is warmly appreciated and it gives me pleasure to comply with your request for a message on this occasion for publication in the next edition of your club-newspaper, Future.

The men who one hundred and seventy-one years ago today signed the Declaration of Independence thereby pledged the American people to the accomplishment of a task which, at that stage of the world's historical and political development, must have appeared fully as formidable as the task confronting the United Nations now seems to us. The States represented in the Declaration had widely differing backgrounds, populations and interests. The fact that they were able to overcome these and other great obstacles is one of history's impressive proofs of the ability of men to achieve progress through cooperative action inspired by common faith in a common democratic cause.

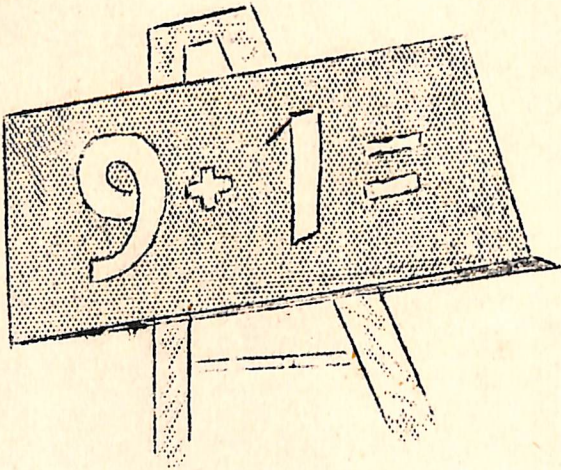
The existence today of a similar faith among the peace-loving peoples of the world provides heartening ground for hope and belief that, through increasing cooperation, they too may be able to overcome the obstacles facing them and to build a solid basis for enduring world peace and prosperity.

Respectfully yours,

Monnett B. Davis  
American Consul General



A Short Story by Walter Furerdi:



The green-glad descendant of the "Flowery Kingdom" was wondering how big the tip would be this time - the brown letter-parcel was big enough, but perhaps you don't know that postmen are tipped in Hongkew - yet Fritz knew when he received the letter with trembling hands while his heart beat awlirl against the chest that enjailed it, he knew, and he gave with pleasure for he was aware what a big brown envelope could

mean. There it lay on the table - of course it can't be anything else, Fritz told himself, to think at last it's here....the Affidavit!

Soon he would be called to the Consul, and then, but perhaps it would not be strong enough, perhaps the consul will tell him "Sorry, not sufficient"... he felt as if someone was trying to strangle him. Well open it and have a look... demanded his commonsense, and so he did, deliberately slow - - -. Yes it was a good one, everything in order, he read it over and over again, and then his eyes looked far away and his jaw was set grimly - nine long years of waiting, nine long years of hunger, persecution, war, ghetto, tropic diseases, heat that had threatened to burn him, cold that had gnawed at his bones - then victory! his relatives slaughtered in Poland, the only surviving cousin behind barbed wires in a D.P. camp.

Behind him was a filthy sea, behind him was fog, thick mist, which conveyed new horrors, tortures, to those who were condemned to walk in it, to mingle with it, behind him lay memories that had better be left alone or else would clutch him with bony fingers, hold in their icy grip his warm, young heart. No, that must be put away, yes put away to make room for new life, - how eager he was to sip the full cup of life, a free life, a life of sunshine that would make the shadowy monsters of the past retreat to the hellish hideouts from which they thrust themselves upon mankind! Yes, live and enjoy that's what he would do, this he thought with sparkling eyes and a weight lifted itself from its shoulders, and rocketlike new hope carried him through the open space, that knows neither beginning nor end, into the land of dreams, dream - you sorcerer who with your magic touch clean the fog-embraced brain .. dream.. dream..

How good he looked in that brown double-breasted suit he had just purchased, the new shoes, the flashy-atomic tie, no wonder everybody turned to look at him, smart guy that - yes sir. Taxi! Nonsense! Taxi, how common, where is that chauffeur of mine? There you are, now sit back and relax, Fritz. The best nightclub in town. A tip for the porter. Money, money that's all that matters and people creep up to you like a dog that has been scratched on the head.... the Maître d' Hôtel came to attend his wishes - that table over there - sir do you realize whom you are talking to? Who do you think I am...

Bang! Outsch! Hurts when you fall on the hard rock of reality, from lusty clouds above, now wait a minute where was I? Oh yes, - who do you think I am... going to do, my dear Fritz, did you think of that already? Oh come on, don't look so heartbroken, I know how one feels drunk from too big a sip out of the dreamscup. There you are now, sobering up: of course I am sober, just my heart beating a little faster than usual. Now let me see - what will I do in the States, what do I know about this land of the million chances? Geography - 48 states - thank you! Capital - Washington - thank you!

continued next page



Largest City - New York - thank you! 10 Million inhabitants ...  
 whaugh! (Looking for a hole, mouse). Come to think of it must be  
 quite a number of females there, yes thats more pleasant. - Of course  
 they'd run after me, handsome young foreigner, supposed to fall  
 for accents, well that will be an easy one with me. Now let me see  
 which one am I going out with, funny how familiar all these faces  
 are- why those aren't stateside girls, Shanghai girls that's what  
 they are! Well no wonder I can't imagine what a good looker is sup-  
 posed to be shaped like after looking at these.... (manners please,  
 anybody might think you were dragged up instead of being raised the  
 proper way). Well anyway she'll be swell and we'll go out. Where are  
 you going to take the money from Fritz? Oh be quiet always spoiling...  
 wherefrom Fritz? Okay we'll get a job first! Will I be able to get  
 a job I'm beginning to wonder, may be, perhaps, see, now you have got  
 no worry! Come to think of it, read a lot about millionaires, never  
 tell you what happened to the less fortunates what happened to them?  
 Fritz I think it's about time you steered your little nutshell to-  
 wards the shores of reality. Well, however it may be "where there is  
 a will there is a way!" Is there? There must be! Got to fight for it,  
 this is a fighters world. Now I know, what I'll do, fighting is one  
 thing I know. For nine years, went down too, several times. Remember  
 the time we lived in the camp, so hungry, you stole your neighbours  
 bread, they put you into the "crooks room", I know I'm not a thief -  
 just very, very hungry. Fate had counted nine, but I got up. I won!  
 Alive and a "kickin", yes sir! Feel- well I know I'm not a tough guy  
 I mean a tough will.

Well soon I am going to walk into the consuls office - good morning  
 sir- straight, erect, proud, sure of myself, the American way - you know;  
 No Wilhelmstrasse! Manners like the elder folk-clicking heel atten-  
 tion! and then you wonder what is up and what is down on a man.

Okay, all's well, anchors away on to the land of hope, on to a people,  
 with a cool hard head, a soft warm heart. What I expect of them?  
 Equality, freedom, democracy, life yes life, live again, free sunny,  
 in peace, be treated with respect, a man amongst men!

There you are! My terms! Ultimatum signed, forwarded. I demand rights!  
 Yes my dear Fritz, but rights bring duties! Yes quite so, what can  
 I give in return? Justice is to give the exact equivalent what one  
 receives. I want to be just- what can I give?

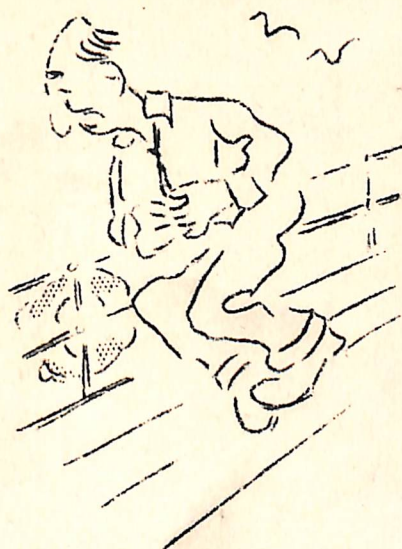
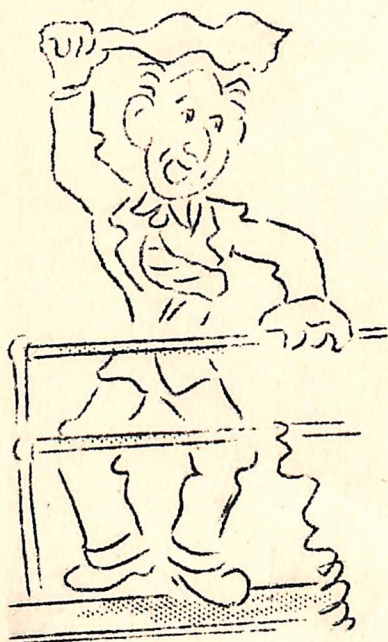
Was there a knock at the door? Who can it be; On a Friday night and  
 in this rain. Yes I'm coming alright, I heard; Oh, hello Mr. Schmule-  
 kowsky what brings you here in this weather; my father isn't in I'm  
 sorry; was it something special you wanted; you need a minjeman?  
 (minje - 10 people as required when Jews hold services. Minjeman  
 therefore the 10!) I'll come along, sure gladly, never mind the wea-  
 ther. So Fritz went along to the synagogue, he was a proud, but not  
 a very religious Jew; Of course this was different. In his own parti-  
 cular way Fritz prayed and his thoughts wandered off to faraway sho-  
 res. Isn't it wonderful that there in America Jews ar praying the  
 same words singing the same "Lecho Daudi likras kalo p'ne Shabbos  
 nekab'lo! Come loved Israel, greet thy bride, welcome the coming  
 Sabbath tide!"

Fritz took off his raincoat and wiped the rain off his brows, he felt  
 good. Now where was I, he asked himself as he settled down comforta-  
 bly in his favorite corner at the couch. Where was I now then? I was  
 just thinking: What can I give in return- I wonder.. and then it came  
 to him in a flash: Only half an hour ago he had solved the problem.  
 Oh what a mighty idea! Yes he had been the tenth, because of him 9  
 others had their desires fulfilled - yes Fritz that's it- live to be  
 the tenth- the minjeman, give others happiness through your efforts.  
 That is more than enough in return. Not money, no riches can help you  
 to achieve this goal for in front of Him all men are equal, equal the  
 pauper, equal the king. It is for the good man this world turns in  
 everlasting zeal. Be one of them and the world is yours.

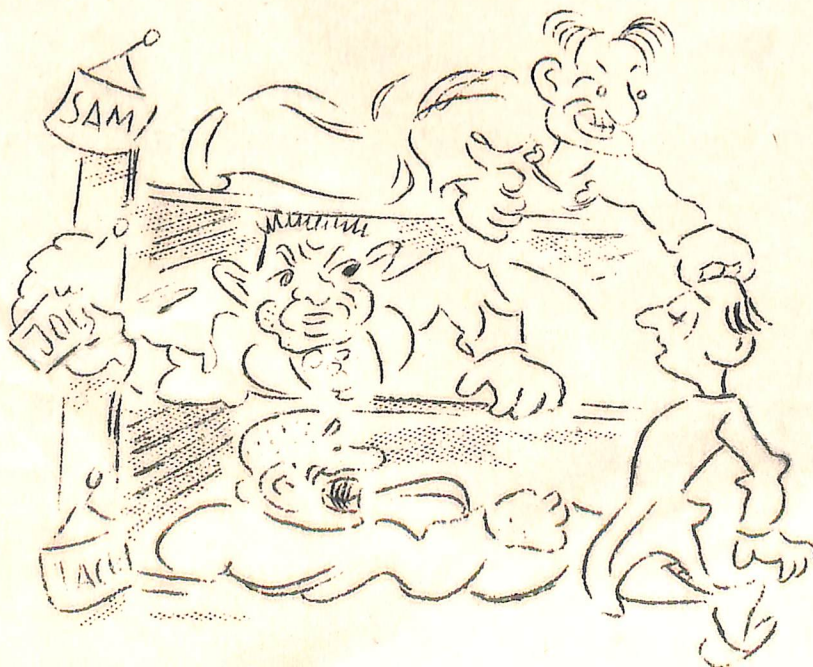
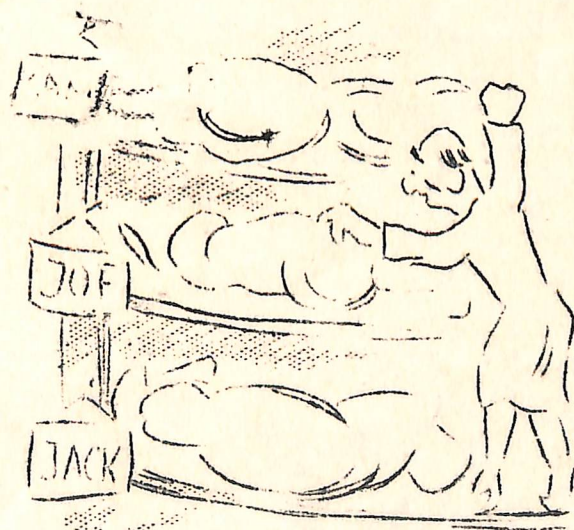


# JOE REFUGEE by Hogo

GOOD-BYE SHANGHAI



# JOE REFUGEE by Hogo THE FIRST NIGHT

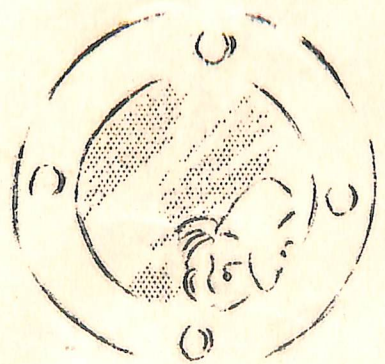
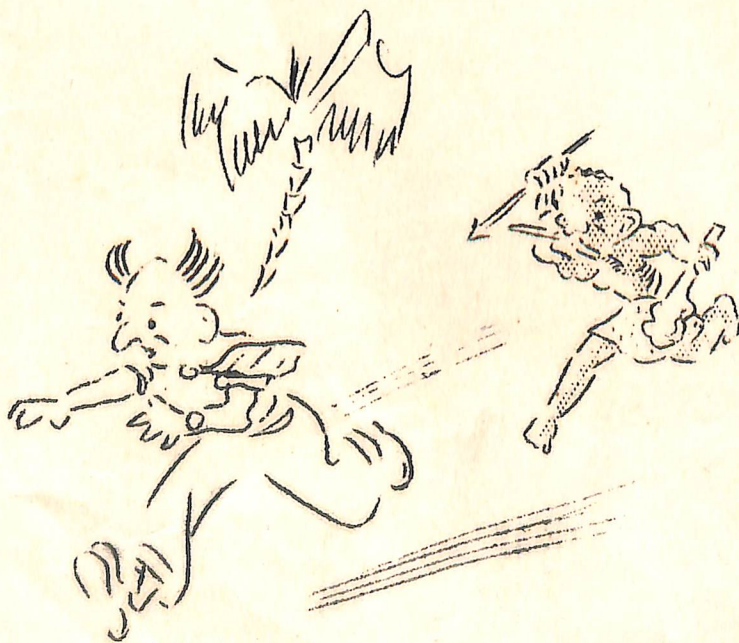
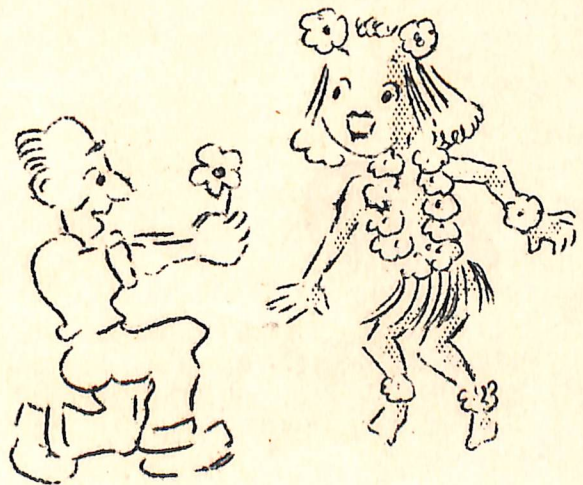
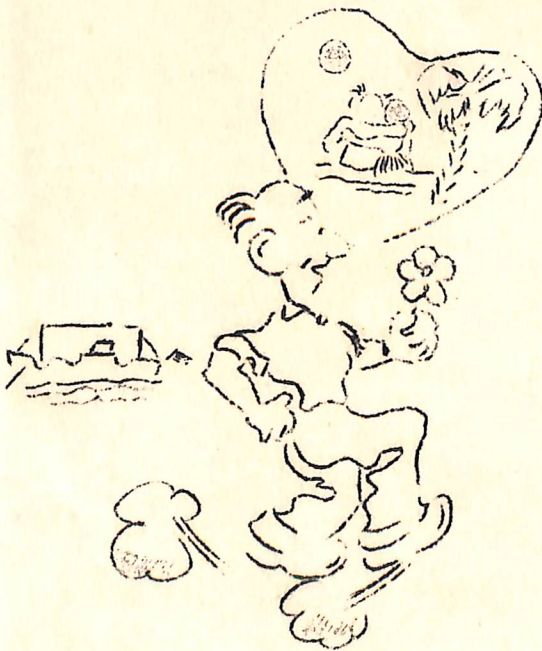
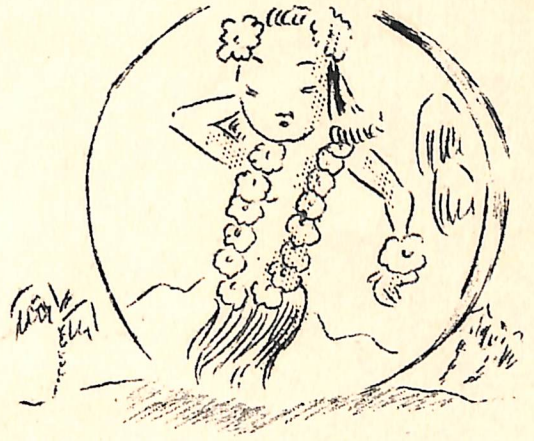
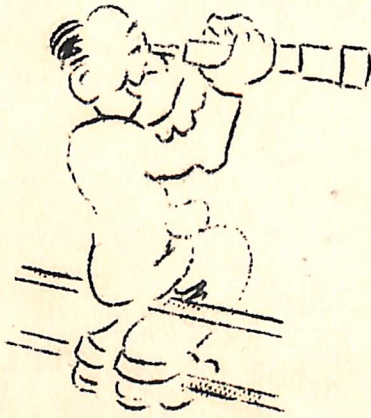




# JOE REFUGEE

by H. 57

ALOHA





Klaus W. Schaie:

### MAN AND THE MACHINE.

It has been said that our age should be called the Mechanic Era, and truly there isn't any other denominator better qualifying the period we live in. The conquest of the world by the atomic complex will not alter this qualification. Atomic energy in its ultimate appliance will just be the driving power for the machine, replacing obsolete sources of energies by one more facile and inexhaustible. The dread of the atomic power is just the imminent dread of the machine come into the open.

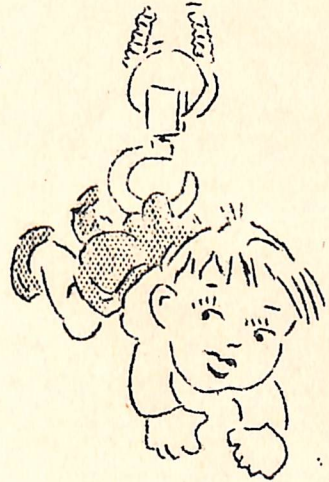
When man created his first mechanical appliances, they were to him helpmates in the fight for preservation. The simple water-wheel enabled him to cultivate his fields when his more fortunate brothers had already occupied the directly irrigated soil. His machinery of war aided him in overcoming the less ingenious foe. They were his tools, fashioned as a result of laborious pondering about the wonders of nature and her laws. Man felt master of his tools, and in fact he was.

But when James Watt built his steam-engine, he freed mechanics from man. When he first found an alternative for the perpetuum mobile, by substituting man's muscles, by the driving power of mechanically generated energy, he inaugurated the mechanic age and promoted the machine from a faithful servant to the taskmaster of man.

While, even the first engine driven machinery was regarded as just another labour-saving device, adopted to spare the artisan unnecessary exertion, it soon became obvious, that the full use of labour-saving machinery was only possible in large scale manufactories.

### CONCENTRATION OF PRODUCTION.

A complicated engine-driven mechanism is of course an expensive outlay for any craftsman, and so it is obvious that only the most prosperous were willing to take the risk involved. They however were soon rewarded by being able to increase



their trade and income by the vastly larger production and cheaper output their machines gave. Soon these prosperous machine-owners tended to increase their plant, to step back from actual work themselves and to emerge together with the farseeing merchants who took advantage by distributing and the bankers by financing these enterprises, as the modern capitalist class. The machine-owner quickly drove out of business those of his former colleagues who had been financially unable or too unimaginative to take the decisive step and employed him to service his own plant and to work for his interests, thus reducing him to the rank of skilled worker. The number of independent workshops and production units was as a result increasingly diminished and production converged into the hands of ever fewer individuals and alter on organizations of individuals.

### CURTAINS OPPORTUNITY OF WORK.

While hetherto the surplus of manpower, which was not needed for cultivating the land had been easily absorbed by the handicrafts and trades of villages and towns, the machine was now slowly but surely replacing workers. When bad times had formerly necessitated the discharge of employees, the small number in every instance had not involved economics as a whole, as any single discharge had always, especially if he was skilled in a trade, been able to be absorbed again into the productive process. Now however, as manpower surplus was largely concentrated in the cities, being the centers of productive trades, when a machine could

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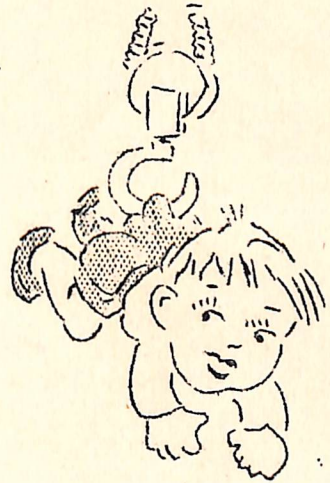
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continued next page



dispense the labours of ten or fifty workers, and a hundred machines that of a thousand or more, this was bound to be acutely felt.

#### FIRST REACTION: DESTROY THE MACHINE

Any discharged workman was bound to resent his fate and to ponder on a remedy. His first answer had to be, "if there were no machines I would be able to work and earn my and my families living", and his reaction to band together and to destroy the machine. But simple remedies seldom work. The worker had to find, to his detriment, that the prosperous owner of machinery was well able to protect his interests. To destroy the machine would not work, and so enlightened men pondered to find an alternative. Let the machine save man's labour and curtail his toil but let there be enough labour to provide a living for all. An ideal solution, but how to achieve it, has yet to be found possible. For the time being however the issue was avoided by circumstances on whom we shall shortly dwell.

#### CONCENTRATION OF POPULATION.

Although the use of machinery had thrown out of work many in the first stages of its large-scale introduction it soon began to reverse this trend by the large expansion of productive activity sponsored by the enormous profits reaped by the successful entrepreneurs thus goading other persons of means to venture into this field of enterprise. Men and women who were bored and disgusted with the hard work in farm and stable were lured by the comparatively more attractive conditions of the factory in the city. The cities crowded as a result, the laws of nature being what they are, the birthrate started to jump. While dirt and sickness dearth and want increased infant mortality and helped to keep down

too great advances, yet population increases encroached on the limited opportunities of work and limited capacities of victual supplies and Malthus was enabled to utter his gloomiest prophecies.

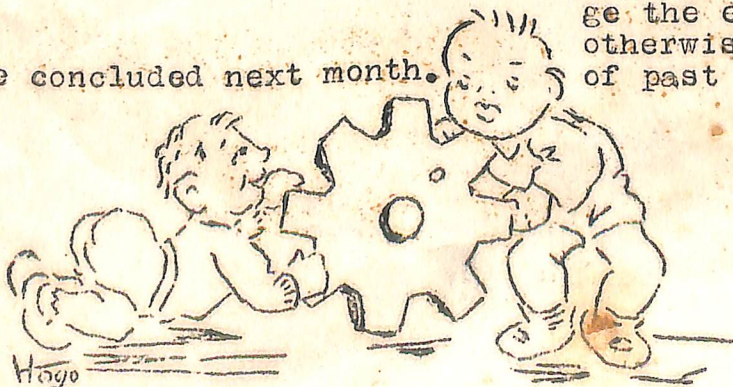
As a result the population of the nations which were developing industrial centres, converged into the great cities settling in slum quarters, unable as they were to support decent dwellings. The spread of sickness, pestilences, fires, the deprecation of public morals were unavoidable results.

#### EXPANSION OF MARKETS.

The situation, tipsy as it was, was always just in the nip of time solved by the discovery of new countries and subsequent new markets. New territories won by conquest were exploited, and the products obtained and the necessities of the populace subjected made necessary new branches of production and enlarged the chance of employment. One result, however, was certain to pertain. The class of industrialists, merchants, and bankers, and the propertied class in general was rapidly growing wealthier and wealthier, while the common people was getting poorer and was sinking into abject ignominy.

All this was giving rise to speculation among the intelligent and more farseeing, what the final result of this development would be, and what remedies were possible. The lack of new fields of expansion beginning with the end of the nineteenth century brought the problem into a new and more felt urgency even for the classes who had hitherto profited by the developments outlined. The Fabian school in Britain, the Marxians in Germany were developing solutions; they forgot, that to give a remedy they would not only have to redistribute wealth, but would also have to change the economic process which would otherwise just lead to a repetition of past history.

To be concluded next month.





# 6 MONTH FUTURE

It is unusual for a magazine to celebrate its anniversary with the 6th edition, but then "FUTURE" is an unusual magazine. In a way it is one of the very few publications done only by amateurs and printed in a language which is not the mothertongue of the editors and contributors.

When we started our magazine most people foretold us that we would not last more than 3 editions. We, the Editorial Board, ourselves should have liked nothing better, for it would have meant that our clubmembers had all left for happier shores. But as the situation stands now and with the prospects brighter - a great percentage of our people are undertaking the first steps on the way out of Shanghai - we feel proud that we have carried on despite the many difficulties and handicaps encountered.

We know that we are only amateurs and cannot and do not aspire to compete with professional publications, yet we can say without exaggerating that we have improved with every issue, that we have tried to please most of our members most of the time and that we have gained recognition not only in Shanghai but also wherever our paper was sent in the far corners of the world.

We wish to thank all who have taken part and contributed to our paper, especially the members of the Editorial Board and those who have left but who will always remember the months we spent together.

We hope to be able to put the last issue of the "FUTURE" before you as early as possible. It will mean that our transient stay in Shanghai has ended and that all of us will have a new start in a new, and I feel sure, better future. Until then we shall do our best to carry on, representing the Jewish Community Center of Shanghai, and as a link with all those who have preceded us carrying a bit of our Club all over the world.

Hank.

## THANKING YOU.....

On the occasion of our birthday we should like to thank Mr. & Mrs. G r o d s k y for their help, support and advice.

Aside from the splendid work they have done for the Center, they have gone out of their way in extending their assistance to the Editorial Board and to them it is due if our magazine is a success.

We could think of no better tribute to them than to dedicate a page to Andy and Jerry and we have called them to step into "FUTURE'S" art studio. Turn the page -

With the compliments and thanks of the Editorial Board to

Mr. & Mrs. G r o d s k y .



COME, COME JERRY  
LET'S BE FAIR ABOUT IT!





COME, COME JERRY  
LET'S BE FAIR ABOUT IT!

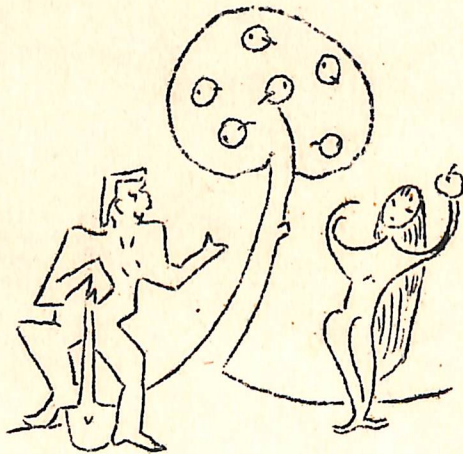




Eva Mannheim:

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER .

The world we wander wide and far, North, South and East and West,  
And where we settle then for good, this place it is the best.

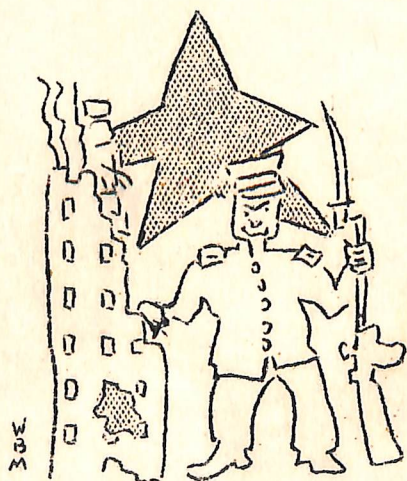


In the begin, at Evas time,  
Love first in Adam grew,  
She lured him into the apple crime,

MY BOY, I LOVETH YOU.

We wander to South America  
Santiago y Cochabamba,  
To Argentine, Dominica,

TE CHIERO, MUCHACHO - CARAMBA

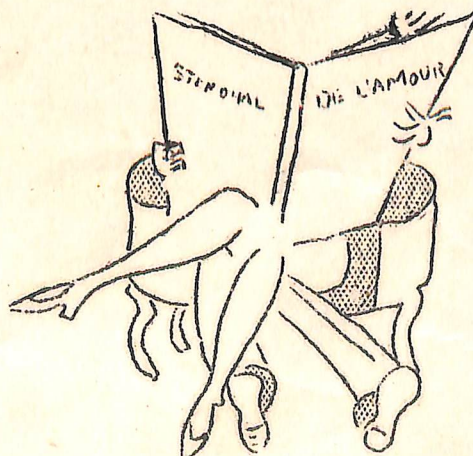
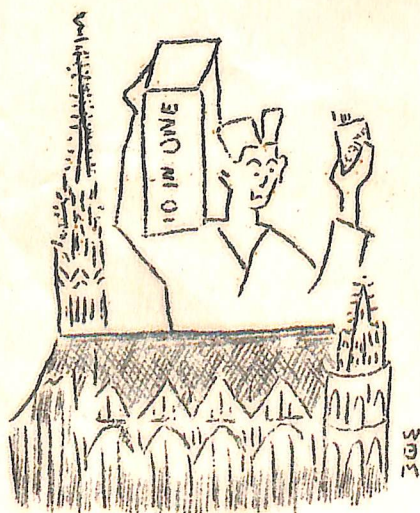


To Berlin, into the Russian zone,  
Will wander only a few,  
And they should learn, and they  
should learn,

DOROGOI MOY, JA TEBJA LUYBLJU

And if you are a Socialite,  
All over the world the same,  
French is the language most polite,

MON TRESOR, MON BIJOU, JE T'AIME



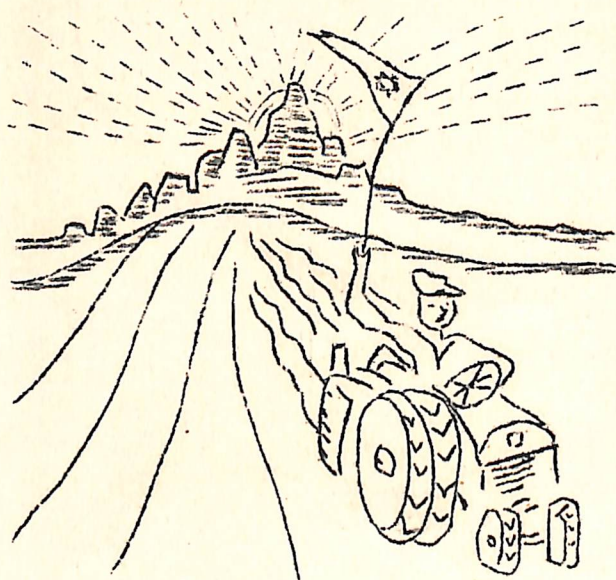
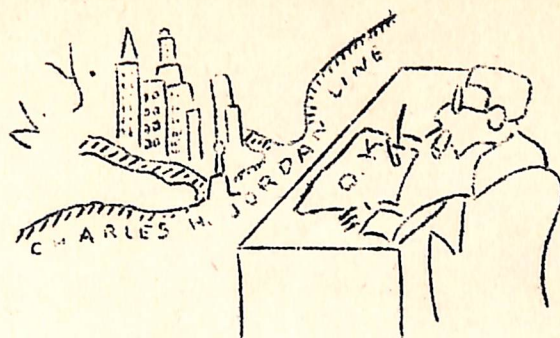
To Vienna, my old Kaiserstadt  
I geh zaruk for sure,  
A carepaket, a Cigarette'

I HOB' DI' LIAB, MA BUA.



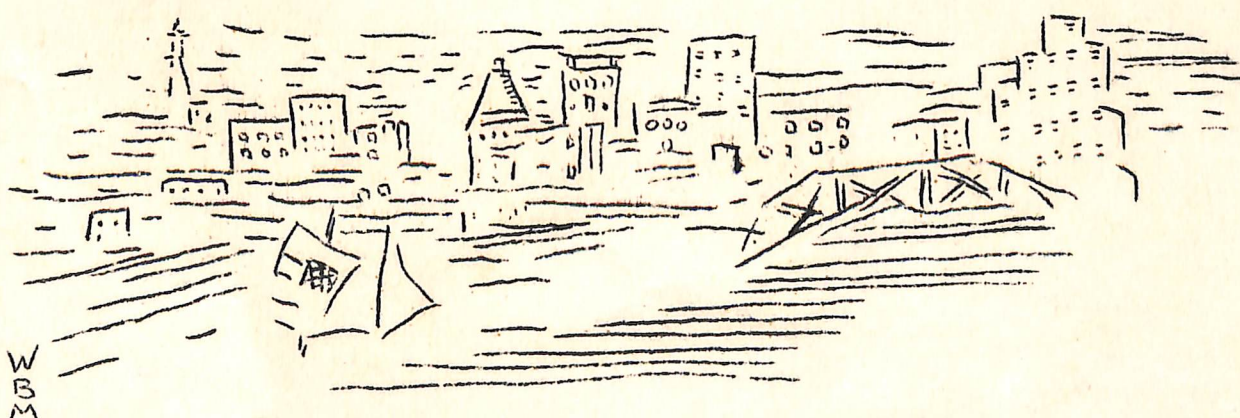
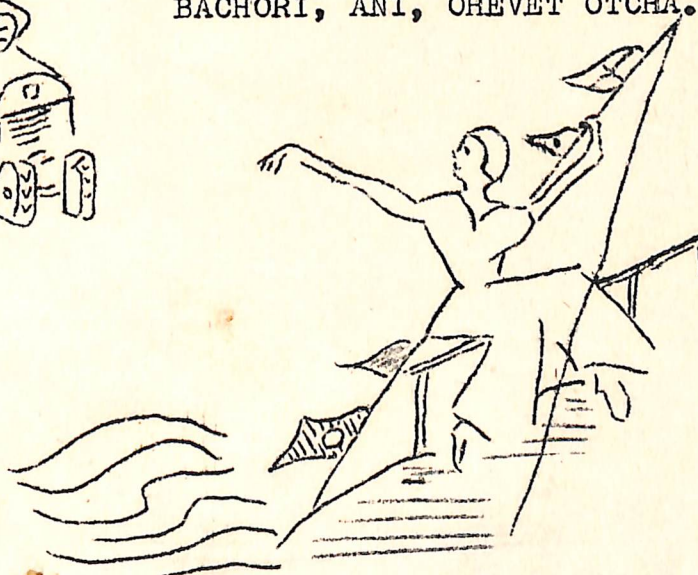
New York, the World Metropolis,  
The - Jordan - line must skip.  
Learn language, most international

MEYJN BOCHER, JICH HOB' DICH LIB.



And if you go to Palestine,  
Our cradle and hope - so far,  
A sweet and sounding Iwrit chime,

BACHORI, ANI, OHEVET OTCHA.



The steamer moves - and with a choke -  
Farewell - far from the sea -  
The Bund - skyline- through mist and smoke

MY SHANGHAI - UO AI NI .

上海我愛你

After extensive research the writer has come to the following conclusion:

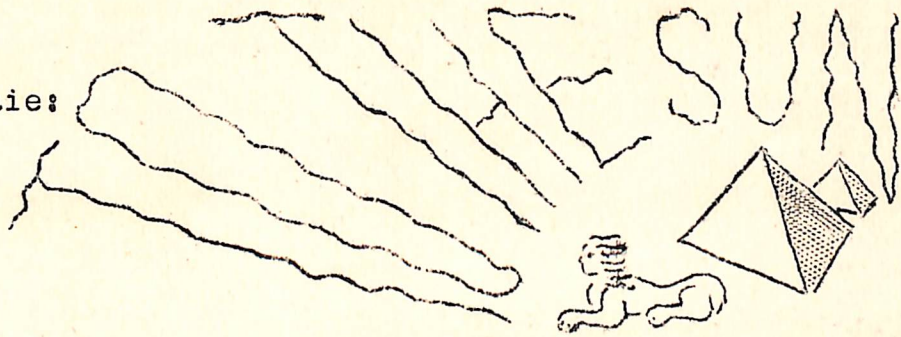
What a boy cares for most in girls is:

- |                           |                                      |
|---------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1.) <u>Sophistication</u> | 6.) Friendliness, entertaining       |
| 2.) Figure                | companionhip                         |
| 3.) Legs                  | 7.) -----                            |
| 4.) Clothes and grooming  | 8.) -----                            |
| 5.) Face and hair         | 9.) -----                            |
|                           | 10.) Brains and spiritual qualities. |

The opinion of anyone, who thinks he knows better is welcomed. -jr-



Klaus W. Schaie:



Everywhere the sun is shining  
On the fullness of the land,  
On the desolate deserts sand,  
Sparkling brightness shining.

Giving life and giving death,  
Letting sprout the furrows green,  
Scorching parched and harrowed scene,  
All devouring, taking breath.

Hope and despair you give, oh Sol,  
The wanderer in the lonely desert dreadeth thee,  
Yet, men of ancient times, both slaves and free,  
Have knelled before thee, to extoll.

For are you not the most wondrous one  
Amongst our Creator's work.  
Your rays give life and warmth  
Anew creating and replacing what is gone.

Thou favored art hast filled my heart with passion  
When life's hard days have tried entangling my soul,  
My heart thou hast rejoiced in loveliest fashion  
Hast lead my life to a better world as goal.

Not seldom sighed thy harp in begging sound  
A holy, sweet and lovely tune from thee,  
The heaven's better times for me thou found  
Thou favored art, accept my thanks from me.

H.E. 1/16

### DREAMS.

I wept in my dreams the other night  
I dreamt you were buried this week,  
And when I awoke, regained my sight  
My tears were still wetting my cheek.

I wept in my dreams the other night  
I dreamt that you left me around,  
And when I awoke in the morning's light  
Myself then still weeping I found.

I wept in my dreams the other night  
I dreamt that you still loved me, dear,  
And when I awoke, the sunshine so bright,  
Then more tears were still in arrear.

H.E.



# THE WAY OF ALL FLESH

by  
"bright guy"

## I N M E M O R I A M

Deeply moved we announce the untimely death of our  
Y O U T H C O U N C I L

After a short but violent sickness he was overcome  
by eternal sleep. The ashes have been scattered.

REQUIESCAT IN PACEM

The mourning J.C.C.

### Cherchez la femme

Going the way of all flesh our Rudolf Valentino  
provided himself with a steady.....

It takes a woman to make a man out of a man.

The editor regrets.....

..... not to be able to publish some of Mr.  
Ebstein's poems, as he cannot shoulder the re-  
sponsibility of exposing the readers to the  
nightmares of the beforementioned gentleman. He  
suggests Mr. Ebstein consults a psychoanalyst at  
once.

### Problem.

ORIENT † OCCIDENT  
BLACK † RED  
26 † 16  
? ?

Attention: A price for the  
correct solution will be  
given by the Social Comm.

### Artist's Choice.

Next issues Comic Strip will feature "Donald Duck"  
Copyright through the courtesy of Mr. H. Methner.  
Walt Disney is expected to bring suit.

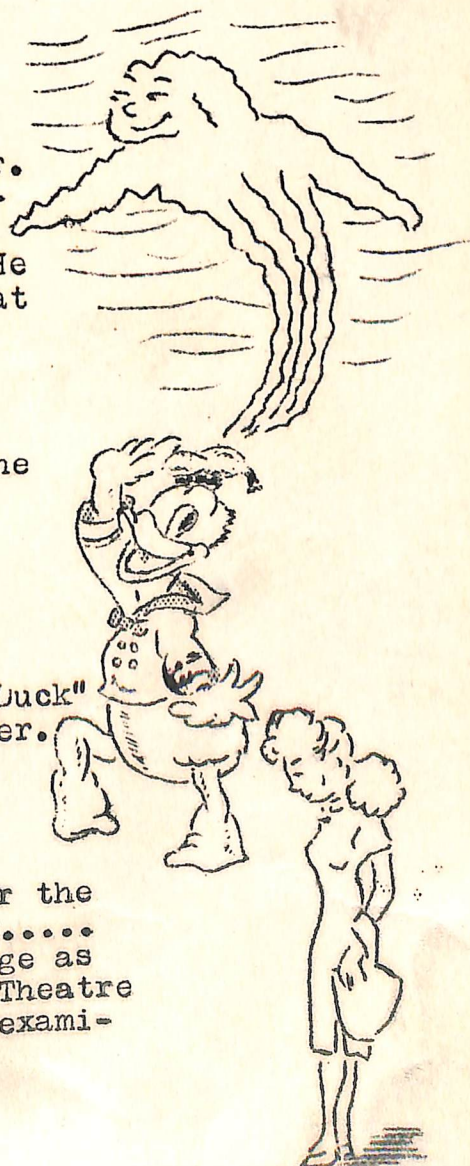
### Force Majeure.

Reporter Spitzer excused himself from work for the  
paper as he has examinations now, poor fellow.....  
These are most probably of the Chinese language as  
he was seen with a Cathay girl in the Cathay Theatre  
one of those evenings. Much success! (in the exami-  
nations, of course.)

### The Spirit of a Musician.

The editor was told confidentially that famous Duke Krebs will not  
take part in the next Amateur Night if not allowed to set up the  
critic of the performances himself. The Social Committee found it-  
self necessitated to give in, as a substitution of the Duke in the  
Boogie-Woogies by someone else would be a profanation of the noble  
art. (Hear O Blo!)

continued next page.

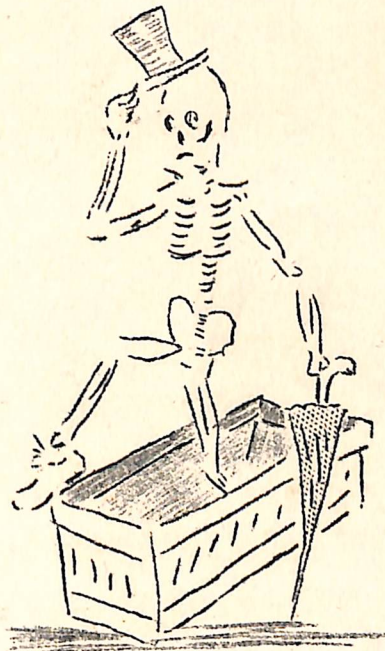








have gotten over the fact.... but not so our Hank, who is only persistent with regard to matters pertaining to the newspaper but also in his "love-affairs". Of course he doesn't show it, but when he is "not so sober" it all comes out. So, last Friday a group of boys and girls were witnesses to the fact that Hank wrote his adoration a couple of loveletters, and my oh my what loveletters! She is sweet, has beauty, brains, talent, can cook, etc.; that's what in short these letters said. He admits that in this life there is no chance of obtaining her love, but hopes, that when in the next life they'll be a pair of pigs he'll have more luck. Or maybe she'll be a lily and he a butterfly,..... and so on, and so forth it went. I must say, Hank, you're out of this world!



#### The flatfooted Demosthenes.....

and well-known manly beauty Ernst Bellak announced an open contest in public speaking. The participants are asked to be blond, bespectacled and flat-footed. The topic of the address "Swiss Cheese". Particulars at the office or Mr. Ernst Bellak, Central Couch, Lounge, between 8 and 11 p.m.

#### Behind closed doors!!!!

#### Executive turns Party H.Q. into secret love nest.

Shanghai, June 12, at 11 p.m. accidentally caught by the two lovers in their hidden nest in our exposed to a most scandalous behavior as a consequence to which now we all

**CENSORED.**

is grace  
lagranti, but  
ition detrimental to morale.

#### Beg' pardon.

We apologize for printing the picture of "skin and bones" that usually at the head of this column at the end but we did not want to give raise to rumours that the late Youth Council was being resurrected (with a tophat).

-----

#### Children's Day Camp.

A paradise for our children will be opened soon. Thanks to the untiring efforts of our Mrs. Grodsky and the coordination of the A.J.J.D.C. it had been possible to build a summer camp in a really American way. Our freshmen aged between 5 - 7 years will have opportunity to sail little boats in a water trough, to have fun on swings or to use a playground with all the toys their little hearts could desire. The older ones Juniors from 8 - 15 years might show their skill at Arts and Crafts, sports, swimming, and community singing, and on certain days there will be sight seeing tours to famous spots around Shanghai. To crown all this each child will be served a cup of delicious chocolate milk. All parents should feel themselves compelled to give their children the benefit of this marvelous summer resort and the capable guidance of Mrs. Hartwich and the teaching staff of the S.J.Y.A.



BILL CHANG.

On Monday, May 16th, our guestspeaker was a distinguished colleague of ours: Bill Chang of the China Press.

Mr. Chang began his talk by stressing how his native Hawaii could serve as an example for people of different creeds, races and backgrounds to live harmonious and avoiding the conflicts arising when minorities clash. He sketched the historical, geological and economical backgrounds of the T.H. spicing it with amusing anecdotes out of his own life in the islands. He voiced the hope of the population to become the 49th state of the Union if for no other reason than that Hawaii is contributing more taxes to the treasury than any other state. (We are glad that Mr.



49 STARS FOR OLD GLORY.

Chang's wish has become reality and that Congress is granting statehood to Hawaii).

Mr. Chang stressed the native pride of the Kamaainus - the old-time residents - and the suspicion against Malihinis - newcomers. He gave a vivid picture of the chief industries, sugar, pineapples, and tourists.

For the second part of his lecture Mr. Chang gave an outline of his work as a newspaperman explaining the work of a city-editor which he fills at the China Press and with illuminating sidelights on newspaper life.

An appreciative audience followed Mr. Chang with a lot of questions thrown at him all of which he answered to everybody's satisfaction.

P.S. Thanks Bill for the plug in "Off the record", hope we can do the same for you one day.

Hank.

English Conversation

Every Tuesday we enjoy the English conversation with Miss Laura Mayer one of UNRRA's social workers, who really knows how to make an outstanding success out of these weekly discussion groups. Her natural charm and her entertaining personality are very amusing and we have noticed already that all of us keep this special date in mind to take part in this very interesting activity.

We want to thank Miss Mayer for coming down to our club and hope that she enjoys these evenings as much as we do.

We have been informed that Miss Branchfield who was kind enough to take charge of this conversation group before has recovered from her sickness. These good news make us very happy and we hope that she will feel quite o.k. pretty soon.

A.A.



# L O V E .

by  
Cupid

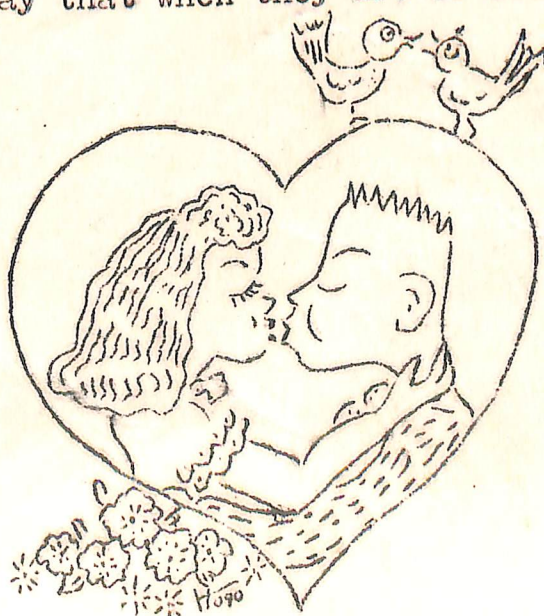


What is love? Well, to be quite frank, I don't know. For, it is the same sort of question as, to ask for instance, "What is electricity?" We all do not know what it is. Of course, we know the theories about electricity, we know what happens if a current is passed through a wire, we know what we should do to achieve a current, in other words we all know the symptoms of electricity, but what it exactly is, even the most advanced scientists of this so mature "Atomic Age" cannot tell you. We have the same thing in love. Now, perhaps some bright Romeo (like our editor for Jewish articles, for instance) might come up to me and tell me: "Maybe that's the way you think about it, maybe you have never really loved somebody....." and then he might go on to tell me about his adventures with Juliet (or is it Esther?). But does he know what love is? No! For, love is such a complex thing, and is easily mistaken for some other feelings. Famous writers have written volume after volume about this subject, and yet when you have read all, you will still ask: "But what really is love?" These famous authors could not supply a proper answer, so neither shall I. All that I can do is to write about these symptoms of love as visible in other people.

Did you see the boy who brushed his teeth with shoe-polish and cleaned his shoes with dental cream, who puts salt into his tea, and sugar in his soup? He's the fellow I mean, who has it strong; he's right under the spell of Cupid's arrow. Will you blame him? No! After all, it's Spring, the sun is smiling and with its smile immediately affects the whole of nature - man (and women) included.

Symptoms: A person suffering under the maladis cupidis (Latin, my dear readers, look it up!) when walking, he sort of jumps in a light dancing tread, up and down, has a particular, curious expression in his eyes, is absent-minded, and usually has a flower in the button-hole of his coat. Causes: Infectuous spring-fever, infatuation by perfume at the first dance, or other plausible or absurd reasons.

Note: Sometimes the patient suffers under a similar sickness, whose symptoms are very similar. It is doubtful if the patient is really in love. Just because it is Spring, and because he may have dates every weekend with somebody who pretends to understand all his problems, is that really love? People say that when they are in love one does not have to tell them, they know it, and I think that is true. That is also the reason why it is hard to put it into words. All we can attempt to do is to recount the symptoms of love, and I hope to have achieved this in the above essay, although I realize that there is not only love between man and woman, but also other kinds of love, like love for our chief-editor (when after a battle lasting more than 10 days he agrees to put in your entire article with only 20 changes instead of his proposed 100), love (out of pity) for your last girlfriend's present boyfriend, love of your neighbours (especially



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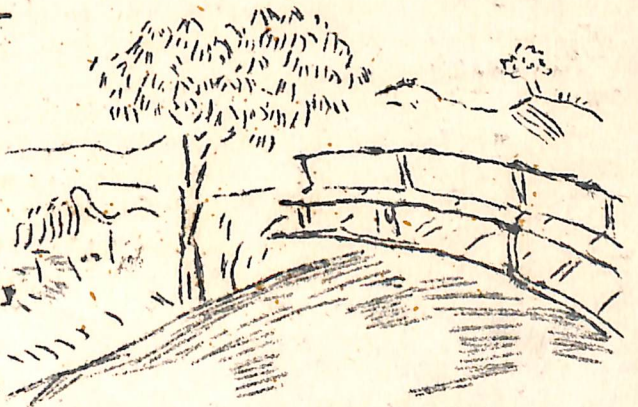


when they are having a party till one and you want to sleep so as to be fit for exams the next day), and so on.

However the love between man and woman is the most extreme and most pleasant form, and can even change history. As Victor Hugo said of Anthony and Cleopatra: "Had the nose of Cleopatra been shorter, the face of the whole world would have been changed!"

### A SUNDAY TREAT.

Who wouldn't wish to turn his back to our drab city, and go to surroundings more pleasing to one's taste. Many are the lucky one's who did and are doing so, but still more will have to wait for quite a while yet still their turn too will come. Yet, while we are waiting, we should not miss exchanging the dust of the city for a day at one of the scenic spots of this country.



Most of us will be unable to afford a visit to the more distant places like Wusih or Hangchow, but everyone should be able to visit the adjacent Shanghai Hills, just two hours car-ride out of the city. The rendez-vous of all the city-tired car-owners and their less fortunate truck or bus-riding fellow citizens.

A group of hills, clad in green folds of bamboo, pine and other trees and shrubs, the summit of the highest hill topped by a church and observatory, surrounded by busily cultivated rice-fields, cut through by channels which afford ample opportunity for idillic boat-rides, shady spots for camping. These are the main attractions. Not much, indeed, to one who is accustomed to forrests, mountains, and other picturesque landscapes in the vicinity of his home, but what a treat for the Shanghailander devoid of all these attractions.



Crowds roaming about, taking snapshots of themselves and the landscape. Couples enjoying the serene quietitude and peace of the scene in a two-some sampan-ride. Holyday-makers recuperating from the squalour of the city.-- And then, another two hours of truck-ride through the green rice-fields and rivulets shining in the glowing beams of the setting evening-sun, small hamlets, and ancient looking walled city with its pagoda and slanted roofs, - and back we are in the dreary city for another spell of work and -- waiting.

K.W.S.

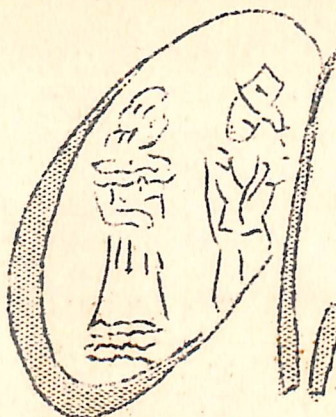
### FAREWELL.

This is farewell for always,  
This is to say good-bye;  
I'll with joy recall the days  
Spent with the "Center" in Shanghai.

May sometimes you remember  
Me too in a far-off land;  
Think of me as a member  
Of the "Center", and as a friend.

Elsie Kaerpel



SECOND

# Amateur NIGHT

Probably even more successful than the first Amateur Night, the evening, thanks to the hard work put in by the performers, producers and the Social Committee, was marvellous entertainment.

The opening number was the accordion version of "Hungarian Songs" and "Tico Tico" by Peter Bellak. The applause given him by the audience well proved his success. Miss Rachel Budak gave a lovely rendition of "It had to be you" and "Story Weather" in a warm, rich voice. Too bad that she did not give the much cheered for encore. Duke Lobster Krebs was next on the program. His piano recital of "My one romance, dream of love" was wonderful and those classical music lovers' hearts were jumping with joy. Another lady, Mrs. Reismann sang "Waltzing in the Clouds" and "My own" in a beautiful voice, which however ran a little short of Deanna Durbin's. The next number was a surprise. After the usual string of foul jokes, Hans Schwarz announced "Classical music" during which Lobster was however pleasantly disturbed by the appearance of Jack Rosenthal (trumpet), Werner Ebstein (guitar) Peter Bellak (accordion, and a new crooner "Rochester" Glaser. The boys soon got things moving with "I can't give you anything but love, baby", "On the sunny side of the streets", "Laughing on the outside", and other popular hits. The fellows were really much better than any professional dance band we've had for our parties. So why not give us a break and play on a Saturday night dance? Hula Hula, Gerda Feiger carried the musical program on with "Tabu" and the Hawaiian "There I've said it again". Her dancing sent the audience to cheers and whistles. Werner Ebstein gave us his guitar versions of "Till we meet again" "Aloha" and "Women" which we enjoyed very much. A new dance by Margot Levy and Helga Lindemann under the direction of Ballet Master Erdstein and Eva Mannheim in the poem "Knowledge is power" were very charming. "Blumi" showed that he was as good at whistling as in his other skills and carried the audience away with his renditions of Schubert's Serenade and two other numbers. Mrs. Grodsky, on behalf of the whole Center made a speech thanking him for his efforts and presented him with a gift as a souvenir for his stay with us. Mr. Mahz, a visitor, then puzzled the onlookers with his skillful tricks of magic, the disappearance of two rabbits, his card and rope stunts as well as the dropping of ten eggs into ten glasses deserving special mention. Mr. H. Schwarz who acted as conferencier is also to be commended for the work he put in, in discovering all the new jokes and gags he could possibly find. To cut the thing short, everybody did marvellous in making the night a success and we all hope to see it repeated soon.

HC

## THE FAREWELL DANCE.....

A blind date, milk drinking contest, pie eating race, a sketch by Mr. E. Saxenhaus, and, of course, the dancing were the highlights of the party on Saturday, June 14. The hall was filled to capacity by 8 p.m. and dancing was already well under way, the occasion being the departure of some of our most popular members. Only at 12 p.m. did the dancing crowds realize that it was getting rather late and another successful party had come to its end.

HC



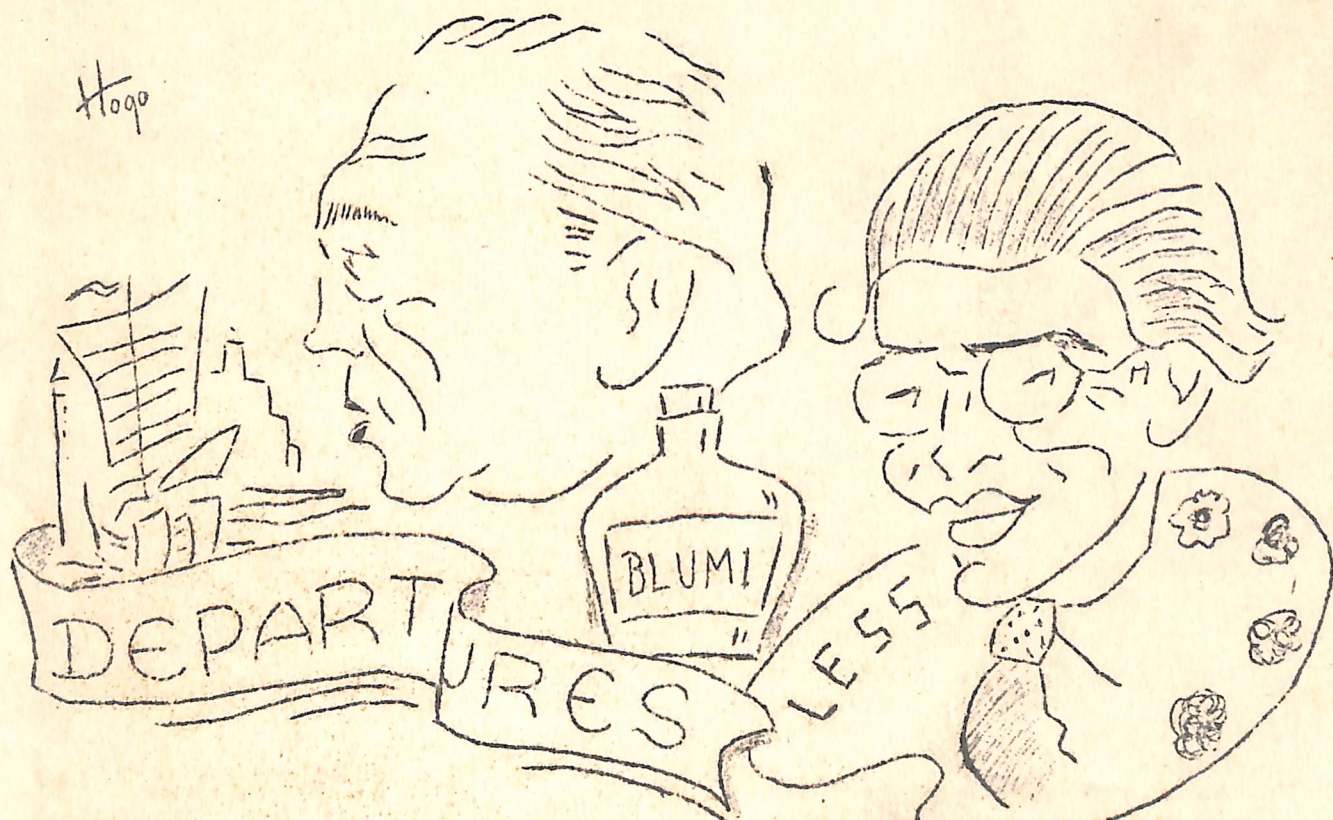
SHORT BIOGRAPHIES OF JEWISH MUSICIANS AND COMPOSERS.

by  
Horst Ebstein.

I. G I A C O M O M E Y E R B E E R .

His right name was Jacob Liebmann Beer: by adding the name "Meyer" he secured a large inheritance from a wealthy relative. He then Italianised "Jakob" into "Giacomo". He was born in Berlin on September 5th, 1791, as son of a Jewish Banker, and he died in Paris on May 2nd 1864. He was a precocious and most remarkable pianist, pupil of Lauska and Clementi, and already played in public at the age of seven. In 1813 he composed an oratorio and two operas "Jephthas Geluebde" and "Aliminek", the first one a failure however, the latter was accepted for Vienna, whither he went and made a great success as pianist, although his opera was not very successful. Owing to his lack of courage and especially insufficient knowledge of the voice, he was advised by Salieri to make an Italian journey. He finally went to Venice in 1815 where he composed six successful operas, especially "Il Crociato in Egitto" which appeared for the first time on the stage in Venice in 1824. Shortly after that he went to Berlin with the hope of producing the three-act German Opera "Das Brandenburger Tor". Although he found no hearing at all, Carl Maria von Weber begged him not to give himself up to Italian influences. Six long years of silence followed during which his marriage, his father's death, and the death of his two children occurred. In 1826 he went to live in Paris and made a profound and exhaustive study of the French opera. He made a coalition with the sophisticated librettist, Scribe, and his first French opera "Robert le Diable", first performed in the Grand Opera in Paris in 1831, was a very great success. Less popular success achieved at first but more critical favor attended "Les Huguenots", first brought up to the stage in Paris in 1836. Its production in Berlin 1842, led King Friedrich Wilhelm IV to call Meyerbeer there as General Musical Director. His opera "Das Feldlager in Schlesien" first produced in 1843, had only little success until Jenny Lind sang it in 1844. He visited London and Vienna in the year 1847, and upon his return to Berlin produced Wagner's new work "Rienzi", later he obtained "The Flying Dutchman" performance after its rejection elsewhere. The extent to which he befriended Wagner is a matter of bitter controversy, some claiming that he gave only formal assistance while Wagner was obscure, and fought him with underhanded methods and a "press-bureau" when Wagner attained power. At any rate Wagner despised and publicly assailed the music of Meyerbeer. Yet, whether or no Wagner borrowed money from Meyerbeer, he certainly borrowed numberless points of artistic construction from him. In 1849 "Le Prophete" (finished in 1843) was produced at the Paris Grand Opera followed by the successes "L'Etoile du Nord" (Opera composed in 1854) and "Dinorah, ou le Pardon de Ploermel" composed in 1859. "L'Africaine" (worked on with constant and characteristic changes from 1838 on) was finally produced at the Grand Opera in Paris in 1865, a year after Meyerbeer's death. He left by will 10,000 Thaler (US\$ 7,500.-) for the foundation of a "Meyerbeer Scholarship". His further compositions include choruses, festival plays, monodramas, serenades, sacred odes a capella, overtures, marches, church music etc. Meyerbeer was a composer full of faults. His inconsistencies are a continual irritation. His shortcomings are plain to the ear. His superficial, emotional side, too, is indisputable. He was never sure of himself, or rarely so, and that proves to be fatal to artistic strength. But even when all is counted against him, he is still a great composer, and operatic master to be reckoned with for a long operatic time to come. Meyerbeer is the Scott, the Jckai, of the opera, forever. Just as we forgive technical error or error of sentiment in both here and there, so we must forgive Meyerbeer, and in admiring his best scenes much indeed is to be forgot! Personally, he was a large-souled and a good character, as well as a man of finest cultivation and polish. His charities were numberless, and his large bequests have continued same. Take him in all, he was a creator and and influencer of, we must say, permanent dignity and honor in the general gallery of the really great, not merely the pseudo-great, operatic sovereigns.





A number of prominent members and persons associated with our club in other capacities have left this month for overseas:

Leo Meyer, Associated Director of the Club, sports instructor and Shanghai soccer ace of Interport fame, left for New York on June 17. Since the very beginning of his Shanghai stay, Leo was prominently active in Jewish sporting circles and as SJYA sports teacher and instructor he is responsible for the athletic education of the majority of our youth. To commemorate his departure he has donated a cup to our boys which was played out at the Sports-Meet on Sunday, June 8, and presented at a farewell party the following Saturday. A full-length account of this event is given elsewhere in this issue.

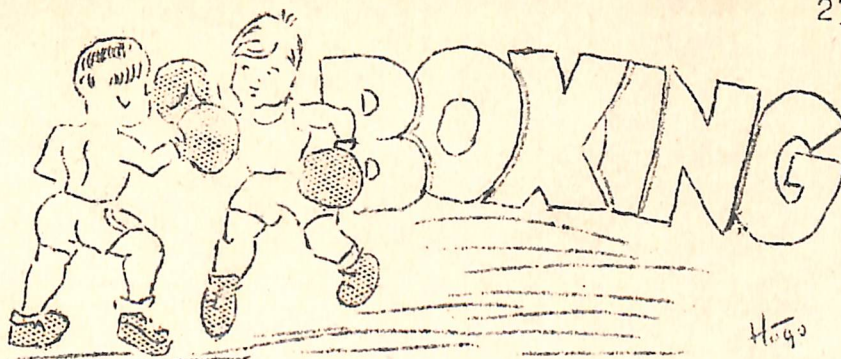
The following other members left with him on the "General Meiggs": Bobby Adler, scoutmaster of the 16th Group and member of the editorial board. Hannelore Mansbacher, who faithfully and obediently as stenotypist endured the whims of certain members of said Editorial Board. H.G. Friedrichs, who as photo-amateur showed his abilities by winning the first prize of the photo contest a few months ago. Ernst Salomon whom we all know from his public appearance as Master of Ceremonies at our first Amateur Night. Inge Herzfeld, who was present mainly when there was dancing or swimming. Joseph Henner popular with the gals and not a bad sportsman either. And finally Joachim Isaack, Eugen Stein, Klaus Dombrowski and Guenther Klunower.

The s.s. "Haleakala", which sailed for Australia on June 25, took along David Kozakiewicz and a rumored 20 (twenty) single unattached Australian UNRRA girls. D. Kozakiewicz, who was a very active member of the club, 1946 JRC chess champion and ping pong ace, will be remembered by everybody, for it is helluva quiet in our Center now that he has gone and his voice is heard no more. Kozakiewicz who will eventually join his girlfriend in Melbourne was looking forward to a good time aboard ship. Let us hope that he will not succumb to twentyfold temptation and stay true to his beloved one.

Although not a member of this Club, Mr. Heinz Blumenfeld, our canteen manager and his wife must be mentioned in this column for they left for Mansfield, Ohio on June 29 by s.s. "General Gordon". They were given a big farewell party reported elsewhere in this issue. Blumi, who did his job remarkably well, was popular with everybody and we sure are going to miss him. Let us hope that his successors in due time will prove themselves worthy of his tradition and adequate to their task.

continued page 24





### JRC Boxing Exhibition.....

held at the gym on Saturday June 7th. Although scheduled at 7 p.m. the first bout started at 9 p.m. sharp. Opening with two three-rounders of two minutes each our tiny ones showed what they could do. The Ins-licht twins, in real brotherly spirit gave each other the works. The public, however, could not find out who got what, as they so much looked alike. Garry Schindler and Rudi Kopolov gave an interesting exhibition. The main event presented Kurt Wolff vs. Sam Lewko. Wolff, in spite of being at a disadvantage of 10 lbs, attacked furiously. This encounter did not quite look like an exhibition, as it was pretty rough going.

### The J.C.C. Sportsmeet.....

heralded long ago and postponed several times, finally was launched in the afternoon of Sunday, June 8, at the Kadoorie School sports-grounds. The prize of the day was the Leo Meyer Cup, which went to the all-round winner Kurt Wolff. Leo Meyer, who departed for the U.S. this month, donated this cup as a farewell gift to our youth.

Divided into three classes, the following events were staged: 80 yds. dash, 200 yards dash, 800 yards dash, 80 yards hurdles, 3000 yards, shot put, and high jump. Winner of the first class was K. Wolff, second A. Kohn (Laco). Winner in the B Class was B. Heiduschka, the second place was tied between H. Levy and H. Deutsch. In the C Class H. Cymbalista went through with flying colors, running up was B. Salomon.

K. Wolff showed a commendable style in all his entries and incredible endurance. His runner-up A. Kohn easily won the high jump and shot put. The three miles were won by Richard Weiss, who, although on the program for all previous events, saved his energy to the last entry, where the stars of the day did not participate. Harry Loew and Fred Zunterstein who scored the third and fourth place respectively might have done better, but were entirely out of training.

A pleasant afternoon, much to the satisfaction of the spectators and participants. The cup and ribbons were presented at the farewell dance on Saturday June 14.

### Ping-Pong.....

On Thursday, June 12. the JRC team played against a strong Chinese team losing 13:9. The JRC line-up was: B. Katz, D. Kozakiewicz, R. Zeidler, W. Wassermann, Eichwald. With a little more training and adaption to the Chinese way of playing the result might have been quite different. More games with Chinese players would do our team no harm.

### Basket-ball.....

on the recently repaired and enlarged sportsground basket-ball training is in full swing every afternoon. Volley-ball, softball and tennis is played too. The members are invited to make full use of this opportunity.

D.K.



Leaving on the same boat is our famous creative artist Hans Less and his sister Vera. Our paper will lose a lot as it will have to go without his excellent sketches. Frith Weinberg, who played the part of Mr. Ormont in Unaffiliated's presentation of "The Invader", Heinz Compart, Editor of the "Tikvah Star", and who incidentally is responsible for the name of our magazine, Rolf Nachmann, Slaxon Fritz Feiger, Willy Schurtmann, Guenther Hauer and his wife Hella, Simon Korch, and Herbert Wolff, are aboard the same boat.

This is all of us wishing them bon voyage and happy landing, and a brighter future in happier lands.

-Rlo-

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#### Blumi Feted.....

A farewell party was given for our canteen manager Mr. Heinz Blumenfeld and his wife by Mr. Charles H. Jordan on Monday, June 23.

Present were Mr. Ch. Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. Grodsky, Miss Mayer of UNRRA, and Miss Shirley Price of UNRRA, and representations of the various groups and organizations connected with the J.C.C. There were the boyscouts, Tikvah, the defunct Youth Council, the Editorial Board. The official part of the party consisted of a long speech by Mr. Jordan and a number of short ones by the speakers of the various groups. A toast drunk to Mr. and Mrs. Blumenfeld indicated the beginning of singing and merrymaking. It was a swell party altogether, an appropriate send-off for a fine man.

#### Junior Future.....

On our 6th anniversary we have given birth to a new publication: The Junior Future. This paper will come out twice a month, edited and printed by the children of the Day Camp of the J.C.C. Advisor to the newspaper is Miss Hedy Langfelder. Best of luck, kids!

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#### "FUTURE"

published monthly by the S.J.Y.C.C., 627 East Yuhang Road, Shanghai.

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Art: W. Schneider

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"Future - International": H.B. Grawi, New York (USA-East Coast)  
G. Gassenheimer, Chicago (USA-Midwest)  
Helen Welling, Melbourne (Australia).  
Elsie Karpel, Stockholm (Sweden).



# HYPNOTISM AS WE SEE IT.



Here's at last something really worthwhile to learn. After the demonstrations of hypnotism on Monday, June 23rd by Slaxon, it is believed that this should become the favourite pastime of Community Center members. Of course much of the success is due to the voluntary medium. Mr. Schaie (who in the meantime has become a world hero and does not dare set his foot on Hongkew streets for fear of being asked by every second person: "How was it?") proved to be an excellent medium and did everything that hardworking Mr. Slaxon wanted him to do (or even more!).

Well, boys, let's learn the black magic. Think of the chances and opportunities you will get through it. You, Hank, for instance, if you would like some alcoholic stuff (and when doesn't he?) and can't get any because we only have soft drinks in our club, all you have to do is to .... well, you just - fee, fie, fum - hypnotize the guy, I mean Mr. Doretta's successor, and you'll get it in no time. Or you, Kosak, you could win a game of chess much more easily by hypnotizing your opponent rather than using your present method of talking into the poor fellow's head till he either gives up the game or is mated (I mean check-mated, of course)..... and it would save you, Kosak, a lot of breath, too. Or you, Walter F. could make a lot more girlfriends (is that possible? - The Ed.) by hypnosis, look them into their eyes, that's what we mean..... but he's doing that anyway. Well, boys, you see what we mean. Now all we have to do is to know to hypnotize; the rest is easy.

K.S.

## Attention:

We should like to know from all our readers, especially those overseas, what their impression of the "Future" is. Give us a hint on whatever points are good or bad, address your letters to:

"Future" c/o. Shanghai Community Center  
627, East Yuhang Road  
Shanghai - China.